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OFFICE IN HOFFMAN'S HALL,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
LAIRD & MATHEWS.

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Select Tale.

Written for Jackson's Pictorial
GOING DOWN HILL.
BY MRS. S. P. DOUGLASS.

'That looks bad,' exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fences, in one of his daily walks.

'Bad enough,' was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed. 'Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember the time when everything around his little place was trim and tidy. It is quite the contrary now,' returned the farmer. 'House, out-buildings, and grounds, all show the want of the master's care. I am afraid Thompson is in the downward path.'

'He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man,' rejoined the first speaker. 'I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment, of his make, and they have done me good service.'

'I have generally employed him for myself and family,' was the reply, 'and I must confess that he is a good workman; but nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning, and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who do not try to help themselves.'

'Very true, and as my wife desired me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example, and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however—an idle, quarrelsome fellow.'

'And yet he seems to be getting ahead of the world,' answered the farmer, 'and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. Step in with me for a moment. I will not detain you.'

At the butcher's, they met the neighbor who had been the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy, which did not escape the observation of farmer White.

After a few passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with a somewhat anxious air, saying as he charged the bit of meat:

'I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I came to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends.'

'No time to lose, I should say,' remarked the farmer.

'Indeed! Have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?'

'No, I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently going down hill.'

'Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness which the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one.'

'Speaking of Thompson, are you?' observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. 'Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit; but on the whole, I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket.'

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the little village, similar scenes were passing.

'I declare!' exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dress-maker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window whence she had been gazing on the passers by. 'If there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand—She wants to engage me to do her spring work, I suppose, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay.'

'She always has paid us promptly,' was the reply.

'True, but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risks.'

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her, but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the

village dressmakers had suddenly become.

On her way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

'Ah! Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you,' was the salutation. 'I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?'

'Our account!' was the surprised reply. 'Surely, the term has not yet expired.'

'Only half of it, but my present rule is, to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late.'

'I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet the bill at the usual time. I fear it will not be in my power to do so sooner.'

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself:

'Just as I expected. I shall never get a cent. Everybody says that they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the half quarter, if I manage right, but it will never do to go on in this way.'

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling article of family stores.

'I have a little account against you.—Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?' asked the civil shopkeeper, as he produced the desired article.

'Is it his usual time for settling?' was again the surprised inquiry.

'Well, not exactly, but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get in all that is due me. In future, I intend keeping short accounts. There is your little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will call around this evening. It is but a small affair.'

'Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now,' thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way towards home.

'It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it.'

Her perplexity was increased upon finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

'Look, Mary,' he said, as she entered. 'Here are two unexpected calls for money—one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come single, and if a man once gets a little behindhand, trouble seems to pour in upon him.'

'Just so,' replied the wife. 'The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push.—Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer and the other from the teacher.'

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

'The butcher's account, as I live!' exclaimed the astonished shoemaker.—'What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in; for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could and would satisfy all these claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability will send us still farther on the downward path.'

'We must do our best, and trust in Providence,' was the consolatory remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

The benevolent countenance of uncle Joshua, a rare, but ever welcome visitor, presented itself.

Seating himself in the comfortable chair which Mary hastened to hand him, he said, in his somewhat eccentric, but friendly manner:

'Well, good folks, I understand that the world does not go quite as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?'

'There need be no trouble, sir,' was the reply, 'if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. We met with sickness and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well, if those around me were not determined to push me in the downward path.'

'But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world.—Everybody, or at least a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show no signs of going behind hand, and all will go well with you.'

'Very true, uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months, are pouring in upon me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and nought save a miracle can save me.'

'A miracle which is every easily wrought, then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of these debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon, in the common course of events, could you discharge them?'

'They do not exceed one hundred dollars,' replied the shoemaker; 'and with my usual run of work, I could make all right in three or four months.'

'We will say six,' was the answer.—'I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent that you owe, and with the remainder of the money, make some slight addition or improvement in your shop or house, and put everything about the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thanking me. I am only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands.'

Weeks passed by. The advice of uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men in the village, and many marvelous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs. It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties.—Old customers and new ones crowded in upon him. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The police butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The dealer in leather called to him that his best hides awaited his orders. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her best scholars. The dress-maker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

'Just as I expected,' exclaimed uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. 'Just as I expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they fancy that his face is turned that way.'

In future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper.' And with a satisfied air, uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket-book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he who had thus been befriended, with light steps and cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

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The abbey church of St. Denis ranks among the oldest Christian religious buildings in the kingdom of France. According to tradition, St. Denis, or Dionysius, left Rome to preach the Gospel in the year 240. His mission, it is said, was eminently successful, but he met with the persecutors of the time in which he lived, and was beheaded by his persecutors. Henceforth his name was registered in the Roman calendar, and he became the patron saint of France. Among those whom he had converted was a pious lady named Catulla, who, having, by a stratagem, obtained possession of his body, caused it to be buried in a field that was her property, and lay by the road-side. When the persecutors of the Christians ceased in 313, she erected a tomb over his remains; and subsequently a chapel was built on the spot, while the fame of the saint attracted new and valuable offerings to his shrine; and in 496 the chapel was rebuilt, being much enlarged and improved. St. Denis is also famed as the burial-place of the kings and queens of France, from an extremely early age in the history of that country until the time of the revolution of the last century. The first prince of whose burial history is taken in French history, was Dagobert, and infant son of Chilperic, in the year 580. In 613, Dagobert I. founded the abbey of St. Denis, and at his death, in 638, he was buried under a magnificent monument erected in the church; in 642, his wife, Nantilde, was placed in the tomb by his side. Still further to celebrate the reign of this monarch, a statue was erected to his memory, seated on a throne with his two sons, Clovis and Sigebert, by his side. After the death of Dagobert, Pepin-le-Bref, father of Charlemagne, rebuilt the abbey on a much more extensive site; it was completed in 775. In 1373 Charles V. built the chapel as a burial place. Up to 1793, the chapel of St. Denis was famed for its immense riches, and still continued to be the last receptacle of the mortal remains of the kings and queens of France. The needy revolutionary government was not long before it laid hands on the unknown contents of the abbey's treasury, and a list was taken of its treasures. Among these were many articles extremely valuable, on account of the precious metals of which they were formed, and the jewels with which they were enriched. The first act of the national convention was, a prelude to the nearly utter destruction of the royal abbey of St. Denis. On the 31st of July, 1793, it was decreed that the tombs and mausoleums of the former kings of France, not only in the abbey of St. Denis, but elsewhere, should be demolished; a few friends of the fine arts, however, interposed, to save such monuments as appeared deserving of a better fate. On the 12th of October this decree was carried into effect. The first tomb opened was that of Marshal Turenne, and his remains were found in a high state of preservation; luckily, they were the ashes of a hero, not a king, and they were first carried to the Jardin des Plantes, and afterwards removed with great pomp to the church of the Invalids. On opening the vault of the Bourbons, in the subterranean chapels, the body of Henry IV., who died in 1610, was found in good preservation. They then opened that of King Dagobert, who died, as we have said, in 638. It was hollowed to receive the head, which was divided from the body. A wooden chest, about two feet long, lined with lead, was discovered, which contained the bones of Dagobert and those of his queen, Nantilde; they were enveloped in silk, and the bodies were separated from each other by a partition, which divided the chest. When all was ended, these remains of three dynasties were thrown into two trenches, surrounded by quicklime, and the grass now grows over the common grave of monarchs who had governed France for centuries.

The following beautiful song was cut from an Irish paper, published at the close of the American Revolution; Seventy years ago!

ODE TO COLUMBIA.
Columbia's shores are wild and wide,
And rudely planted side by side,
Her forests meet the eye,
Yet narrow must those shores be made,
And low Columbia's hills;
And low her ancient forest laid,
Ere freedom leaves the fields.
For 'tis the spot where rude and wild,
She played her gambols when a child.

The breeze that waves the mountain pine,
Is fragrant and serene;
And never clearer sun did shine,
Than lights her valleys green,
Yet putted must those breezes blow,
That sun must set in gore,
Ere footsteps of a foreign foe,
Imprint Columbia's shore.

For Oh! Columbia's sons are free,
Their hearts beat high with Liberty.
Though deep and wide her streams that flow,
Impetuous to the tide,
And thick and green her laurels grow,
On every river's side;
But should some transatlantic host,
Pollute her waters fair,
They'll meet them on the rocky coast,
And gather laurels there.

For oh! Columbia's sons are brave,
And free as ocean's wildest wave.
For arming boldest curriers,
Th' ev'ning of sterling worth,
For sword and buckler, spur and spear,
Embellled in the earth.
And ere Columbia's sons resign
That boon their fathers won,
The polished oar from every mine
Shall glitter in the sun.

For bright the blade and sharp the spear,
Which freedom's sons to battle bear.
Let Britain boast the deeds she's done,
Display her trophies bright,
And count her laurels bravely won,
In well contested fight;
Columbia can array a band
To wrest that laurel wreath,
With keener eye and steadier hand
To strike the blow of death.

For whether on the land or sea,
Columbia's fight is victory.
Let France in blood through Europe wade,
And in her frantic mood,
In civil discord draw the blade,
To drink her children's blood,
Too dear that skill in arms is bought,
Where kindred life-blood flows,
Columbia's sons are only taught
To triumph o'er their foes.

And then to comfort, soothe, and save,
The feelings of the conquered brave.

Then let Columbia's eagle soar,
And bear her banners high,
With thunder in her dexter power
And lightning in her eye;
And when she sees from realms above,
The storms of war have spent,
Descending like a meek-eyed dove,
The olive branch present.

Then shall beauty's hand divine,
The never withering wreath entwine.

A Little Word.
A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crashed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear—the thoughts you bring—
The heart may heal or break.

PROUD FLESH.
BY JOHN C. BAXE.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes.
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!

And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

Of the North-West quarter of section No. 2, township six, of Range No. 18, county of Jackson, Ohio, I shall offer at public sale, on May 1, 1853, between 10 A. M. and 12 M., at the premises, the following described lands, to-wit: The South-East quarter of the North-West quarter of township six, of Range No. 18, county of Jackson, Ohio, which lands are charged with the mortgage of Sally Romine, late Sally Faulkner, said lands to be sold to the highest bidder, on the terms of sale, one-half cash in hand, and the balance on credit, with interest from the day of sale, to be secured by personal security, and made on full payment of the purchase money.

Seasonable Anecdote.
Many years ago there was a scarcity of grain in Norwich, Conn., and a man of family applied to the miller for the purchase of a grist, but he, like others now a days, was disposed to avail himself of the general dearth for his own gain, whereupon the applicant cursed him.

Cursing, in primitive times was an indictable offence. The delinquent was summoned to appear before Squire Hyde, and to answer. At the time specified he did not appear, and the Squire, in consequence of his disobedience, arraying statute and precedent against him in the most conclusive manner, and nothing daunted, the defendant met the law with gospel beginning with "Cursed is he that witholdeth his corn from the poor." I did curse him, and I curse him again. The bible curses him, and now, Squire Hyde, do you curse him, for one of your curses is worth two of mine. The plea was overwhelming, and the defendant was acquitted.

A wise man never grows old in spirit; he marches with the age.

JUST PUBLISHED.
A new and most elegant Monthly, containing the most interesting and useful information, published in the United States, one dollar a year to be paid in advance.

THE VANTS OF ST. DENIS.
The abbey church of St. Denis ranks among the oldest Christian religious buildings in the kingdom of France. According to tradition, St. Denis, or Dionysius, left Rome to preach the Gospel in the year 240. His mission, it is said, was eminently successful, but he met with the persecutors of the time in which he lived, and was beheaded by his persecutors. Henceforth his name was registered in the Roman calendar, and he became the patron saint of France. Among those whom he had converted was a pious lady named Catulla, who, having, by a stratagem, obtained possession of his body, caused it to be buried in a field that was her property, and lay by the road-side. When the persecutors of the Christians ceased in 313, she erected a tomb over his remains; and subsequently a chapel was built on the spot, while the fame of the saint attracted new and valuable offerings to his shrine; and in 496 the chapel was rebuilt, being much enlarged and improved. St. Denis is also famed as the burial-place of the kings and queens of France, from an extremely early age in the history of that country until the time of the revolution of the last century. The first prince of whose burial history is taken in French history, was Dagobert, and infant son of Chilperic, in the year 580. In 613, Dagobert I. founded the abbey of St. Denis, and at his death, in 638, he was buried under a magnificent monument erected in the church; in 642, his wife, Nantilde, was placed in the tomb by his side. Still further to celebrate the reign of this monarch, a statue was erected to his memory, seated on a throne with his two sons, Clovis and Sigebert, by his side. After the death of Dagobert, Pepin-le-Bref, father of Charlemagne, rebuilt the abbey on a much more extensive site; it was completed in 775. In 1373 Charles V. built the chapel as a burial place. Up to 1793, the chapel of St. Denis was famed for its immense riches, and still continued to be the last receptacle of the mortal remains of the kings and queens of France. The needy revolutionary government was not long before it laid hands on the unknown contents of the abbey's treasury, and a list was taken of its treasures. Among these were many articles extremely valuable, on account of the precious metals of which they were formed, and the jewels with which they were enriched. The first act of the national convention was, a prelude to the nearly utter destruction of the royal abbey of St. Denis. On the 31st of July, 1793, it was decreed that the tombs and mausoleums of the former kings of France, not only in the abbey of St. Denis, but elsewhere, should be demolished; a few friends of the fine arts, however, interposed, to save such monuments as appeared deserving of a better fate. On the 12th of October this decree was carried into effect. The first tomb opened was that of Marshal Turenne, and his remains were found in a high state of preservation; luckily, they were the ashes of a hero, not a king, and they were first carried to the Jardin des Plantes, and afterwards removed with great pomp to the church of the Invalids. On opening the vault of the Bourbons, in the subterranean chapels, the body of Henry IV., who died in 1610, was found in good preservation. They then opened that of King Dagobert, who died, as we have said, in 638. It was hollowed to receive the head, which